

EVENING WORLD TEN-SECOND NEWS MOVIES

E. Phillips Oppenheim, Writer of Seventy Novels, Gives Views on Killjoy Reformer and Effects of His Work



"The world is suffering from a 'morning after.' It has mental, moral, emotional indigestion."

"The American cocktail used to be the passport to gaiety. You have banished the cocktail."

"I have gathered Prohibition means not Prohibition, but Annoyance. I used to like your American bars."

"A part of the world seems to have got very grandmotherly since the war, very ready to suppress pleasure."

"While in England there exists a spirit of intolerant suppression, there is also a spirit of opposition to it."

"Non-thinking people believed we would all be better off when we had won the war. We're all worse off."

"We'd be willing to spare you a million of our women, only I'm afraid American men wouldn't want them."

"Suppression of all man's natural instincts is like sitting on the safety valve of the race."

BROADWAY THUGS ROB RESTAURANT AS THROGS PASS

Hold-Up Staged Near Bretton Hall Close to Public Taxi Stand.

GET WATCH AND MONEY

Second Ave. Cigar Store Held Up and Robbed of \$1,000—Negroes Raid Butcher Shop.

Four thugs staged a daring hold-up early to-day in a restaurant opposite the Hotel Bretton Hall, in one of the most brilliantly lighted districts on the west side. A public taxi stand is maintained in front of the restaurant, which is at No. 2341 Broadway, at 86th Street. A number of high class hotels are in the immediate vicinity and policemen were near.

The thugs drove up to the restaurant in a taxicab. All four were well dressed and wore caps. They entered the restaurant, in which a delicatessen business is also operated, and drew revolvers.

One man remained at the door and the others backed the proprietor, Louis Wax, against a wall, and also George General of No. 208 West 88th Street, a customer. They went through the pockets of these two, getting a gold watch and some change from Wax and \$20 from General, who managed to save \$50 by dropping it into a slot pull.

The thug at the door then walked to the cash register where he got \$150.

Two other customers were in the place, also backed against the wall, and the thugs were about to rob them when they became frightened by the traffic which was continuously passing and hurried out. They jumped into the taxicab and sped away.

The alarm was immediately sounded and in a few minutes the neighborhood was filled with police and amateur investigators. A number of persons had noticed the taxicab, but none had taken the number.

THUGS HOLD UP CIGAR STORE; GET \$1,000.

Police of the East 51st Street Station are investigating a hold-up of the United Cigar Store at No. 946 Second Avenue at 8 o'clock this morning, in which two raggedly dressed thugs escaped with \$1,000, yesterday's receipts.

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NEGROES STAGE HOLD-UP OF BUTCHER SHOP.

The police are seeking three Negroes who held up the French butcher shop at No. 172 West 133d Street last night. The thugs robbed the butchers and took the till. They were later pointed out to Patrolman John Hanlon as they entered a restaurant at No. 25 West 133d Street and he went after one of them. The man and the policeman exchanged shots in a chase.

DISMISSES JURY WHEN IT REFUSES TO BELIEVE POLICE

Judge Mancuso Calls Verdict "Disgraceful" When Police Testimony Is Ignored.

JUDGES ROSALSKY, TALLEY, MULQUEEN AND MANCUSO OF THE COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS TO-DAY EXPRESSED THEIR APPREHENSION OVER THE RECENT ATTITUDE OF TALESMEN AND JURORS IN REJECTING AN UNTRUTHFUL TESTIMONY OF POLICEMEN. THEY SAID THIS IS PARTICULARLY THE TIME FOR CITIZENS TO TAKE THE SAME INTEREST IN THE SUPPRESSION OF CRIME AS THAT TAKEN BY OFFICIALS CHARGED WITH THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

A jury which late last night brought before Judge Mancuso, after forty-five minutes' deliberation, a verdict of not guilty in the case of George Carmichael, charged with the theft of \$15,000 in jewelry and \$700 in cash from a jewelry salesman and a friend, said in the verdict that they did not believe police testimony as to an alleged confession of Carmichael.

"I suppose that in future juries will want the District Attorney to place before them a moving picture of the crime," said Judge Mancuso, commenting on the verdict. "It is hard for a Judge to receive such a disgraceful verdict, particularly during a prevalence of hold-up crimes in this city. I shall direct the Commissioner of Juries to strike your names from the jury list."

A jury before Judge Talley acquitted on Thursday, Dominic Albano, charged with burglary, the principal witness against him being policeman, and yesterday six talesmen told Judge Rosalsky that they would not believe policemen on the stand.

THANK CENTRAL IF SHE SAYS YOUR NUMBER'S CHANGED

Automatic Phone Dials Being Installed—Big Shake-Up in Numerals.

Don't lose your patience with the telephone operator when you call a number of less than four digits and she tells you it has been changed. Of course, the number, as far as you are concerned, has not been changed, but in the mechanics of the telephone organization it has been changed to conform with the new automatic dial switching service soon to be placed in operation.

Therefore when you call Central 267 and the "voice with the smile" tells you it has been changed to 0267, thank her and say that is correct, for that is the way it reads in the directory and sooner or later you will call it just that way when the dial telephones are installed, which will be soon.

that led through the halls of a Negro tenement, but the fugitive got away. The stolen car used yesterday by thugs who at First Avenue and 60th Street robbed and shot Richard Kahrs, messenger of the Pacific Bank branch, in 57th Street, and escaped with \$5,000, was found to-day in front of No. 45 West 97th Street. Bloodstains indicated that at least one thug had been wounded by Police Captain Patrick Corcoran who emptied his revolver at the fleeing machine. Kahrs is in Reception Hospital, wounded in the back. He will recover.

World Is Suffering From a "Hangover"; Kill-Joy Reform, Left on Safety Valve, Will Bring Explosion, Declares Novelist

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"The world is suffering from a 'morning after.' It has mental and moral and emotional indigestion. That is why the spirit of gaiety is so far from us just at present."

The speaker was E. Phillips Oppenheim, who wrote "The Great Impersonation," "The Mysterious Mr. Sabin" and some sixty-eight other novels, through the enthralling pages of which stalk international spies, lovely but sinister adventuresses, everything, I know of no better prescription for a "tired business man mood" than one of these Oppenheim thrillers. A minor misfortune, which must accompany the great good fortune of world peace, will be the disappearance of the spy, and, as an inevitable consequence, the disappearance of the Oppenheim spy story.

However, we have not yet come to that; although his last tale, "The Great Prince Chan," narrates events supposedly occurring in 1924, we can read it in 1922—and it's as amusing as any of the others.

Mr. Oppenheim has just arrived in New York for his first visit in eleven years, and I found him at the Hotel Biltmore—a story, stylish, ruddy, gray-haired Englishman, whose nationality you would detect at one glance, whether you saw him in New York, London, Tibet, or the Sahara.

"Next to the 100 per cent. plots of your stories," I told the successful novelist, "the most charming thing about them is the atmosphere of discreet pleasure. All your leading characters move through society dining, supping, dancing, giving parties, giving lectures. The gaiety of life is theirs to command. But does it exist anywhere in the world to-day? And isn't a world deprived of it—missing a lot?"

"I am afraid I shall make myself very unpopular if I say why I think you in America may not find life gay," replied Mr. Oppenheim. "Your Prohibition!"

"Indeed, you won't make yourself unpopular if you criticize that," I was guilty of interrupting. "Not in New York, anyway."

"I always consider it not just the thing to criticize the laws and customs of a country," Mr. Oppenheim persisted, apologetically. "Still, the fact remains that, after a hard day of work and worry, one does need a little gentleness to prepare one for gaiety and relaxation. You know that there isn't a drunkard in all my novels, yet even the charming young ladies sip their wine. Surely it is one of the most amiable manifestations of the spirit of pleasure."

"The American cocktail used to be the passport to gaiety. Since you have banished the cocktail and everything that went with it, should you be surprised to find that you have banished gaiety? I have not been here long enough, yet, to declare from my own observation what you have suggested—that the gaiety of life has gone. Yet last night, my first in New York for eleven years, I went into a part of a hotel which, at the cocktail hour, should have been full of friendly, smiling groups. There was a waste of

empty tables. They told me that no one even came to dance any longer."

"Of course, so far as I have gathered, Prohibition for you means not Prohibition but annoyance," added Mr. Oppenheim with a shrewd glance from the blue-gray eyes set deep under heavy, grizzled brows. "What you drink costs more, and you can't have it when you want it. And I used to like your American bars," he added, with frank regret.

"That," I commented, "though Prohibition assuredly puts a damper on our gaiety, there are other causes for gloom—and it is merely local? We, for example, are suffering from a plague of killjoy reform. Is there nothing of that spirit on the other side?"

"That spirit certainly does exist in England at present," agreed the novelist. "A part of the world seems to have got very grandmotherly since the war, exceedingly ready to suppress pleasure."

"In London there was a strong effort to prevent us from drinking wine with our suppers. There was also a movement to forbid cabaret performances—perfectly decent shows, you understand. And finally there was a concerted attempt to keep us from playing cards in our own clubs, to outlaw the game of poker. The police were to invade the clubs and make arrests of poker players—oh, I assure you, the police got very grandmotherly indeed! Now, I have never played poker in my life; nevertheless, I took great pleasure in leading the opponents of this proposed reform and I may say we won our point. Also, we now have wine with our suppers."

"You see, in England, while there does exist this spirit of intolerant suppression of individual pleasures, there is also a spirit of opposition to such suppression," quietly explained Mr. Oppenheim.

Britons never will be slaves, even to the professional reformer, I thought to myself, and wished the same could be said of Americans. I did quote to Mr. Oppenheim Emerson's opinion of the species. Said Ralph Waldo, you may remember:

"The famous story teller chuckled."

"I am always on the side of the spirit of pleasure," he said. "I think that we are slowly getting back, in Britain, to our normal appreciation of the pleasant things of life. We haven't yet attained it, however. We—and the world

"The world has all the symptoms of a 'morning after,' gloom, grouching and bad nerves. We must get back to our simple pleasures."

"The American cocktail used to be the passport to gaiety. You have banished it. I found that part of the hotel, once full of friendly, smiling groups, a waste of tables, and they tell me none come to dance any more."

"The kill-joy spirit exists in England, too, but I think we are slowly getting back to normal appreciation of the pleasant things of life."

Others Shiver As They Watch Him on Deck Crossing the River.

TELLS WHY HE DOES IT.

Like Flowers in Summer, But No Hot House for Him in Winter.

While commuters from New Jersey huddled in the cabins of an Erie ferry boat this morning on the cold and windy trip across the North River to Manhattan they shivered at the sight of Charles F. Gokey, a resident of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., who stood bareheaded and overcoatless on the forward deck of the boat, apparently enjoying the wintry blasts that swept up the river from the Atlantic Ocean. The only thing about Mr. Gokey that moved of winter at all was a pair of wooden gloves and a pair of rubbers. Otherwise he was attired in a summer suit of blue serge, and he confided to an Evening World reporter who interviewed him that he wore the same grade of beebees the year around.

Mr. Gokey was the first man ashore, having held to his position on the foremost part of the boat and once on terra firma the World man ventured to speak to him, having completely recovered from a silent chill endured on the way across.

"I believe everybody should be natural," Mr. Gokey said when the frigid subject was broached. "My head is just as comfortable as my face. I have been living like the flowers from which I conceived the idea of nature. I love my garden and my little farm, but instead of taking to the hothouses in winter, as my flowers do, I continue at my daily toil in just as natural a manner as I know how."

"My age? Well, just put me down as over fifty. Now, remember this, young man, I am not seeking notoriety; I just want to be comfortable and happy—that's all, and I am not desirous of converting anybody to this mode of living—nor am I an advertisement for any hair restoring compound. I believe in human culture, not physical culture. I don't think that nature ever intended to absorb from our bodies the natural oils that are lost in hot baths. I haven't been in a bath tub in twenty years, but that does not mean that I do not bathe. I use cold water always, but never in a tub."

"I never run; I always walk naturally and therefore never perspire. When I am homeward bound in the evening and I see a boat in the slip I never make a dash for it. I don't allow myself to become excited over such a thing—for that boat might sink and it would be just as well that I missed it."

"I find most folks like thermometers as a steady diet. Yes, they live on thermometers in summer and in winter. In winter it is too cold for them and in summer it seems to be too hot for them. My temperature is so normal that when that unfortunate explosion occurred in Wall Street I was standing at the window on the fourth floor and I believe, to this day, that I observed more of what went on than any other man in Wall Street—just because I remained cool. My motto is 'be natural,' and with that in mind I hope to live a long time."

Mr. Gokey holds a responsible position with a Wall Street trust company, where he has been for the past twenty-one years. He is married and has a big son in the Rutgers High School.

"Something ought to be done, though," I urged. "Would polygamy with a broad smile."

"I can see what a nice headline you'd make of that," cut in Mr. Oppenheim with a broad smile. "Polygamy Only Solution!" Only I think I won't say it, you know. Really—I think I won't!"

Serious once more, we returned to the subject of the world's lost gaiety.

"We must find it again," he said. "We must have our reason, our simple pleasures. This suppression of all man's natural instincts is like sitting on the safety valve of the race—keep it up and an explosion is bound to come. It's the fashion just now to write solemn prescriptions for the world's case. But it seems to me one of the medicines most needed is just the old spirit of gaiety, of joy."

WINTRY OCEAN BLASTS FAIL TO CHILL FERRY PASSENGER IN SPRING SUIT AND NO HAT

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CHARLES F. GOKEY

PLAN BIGGEST PARADE ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

First Chance to Celebrate New Irish Free State.

"The greatest St. Patrick's Day Parade in history," is the slogan of the committee in charge of this year's March 17 celebration in New York. It will be the first opportunity of all Irish-Americans to celebrate in mass the new Irish Free State. Supreme Court Justice Edward J. Gagegan has been chosen grand marshal of the parade.

Roderick J. Kennedy is in charge of arrangements. Other officers are: James P. Doris Jr., secretary; William J. Hurley, New York President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, treasurer; John McAdam, first aide to the marshal; Matthew O'Reilly, Chairman of the County Cavan Association, second aide; Michael Lynsey, aide-de-camp, and John Regan, chief of staff.

DIES OF BURNS.

Julia Hearn, sixty-seven, of No. 351 East 125th Street, died at Harlem Hospital to-day of burns she received in bed when the bed clothing accidentally caught fire yesterday morning.

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GAS HEATERS

Order to-day and prompt delivery can be made. Finest quality of gas tubing accompanies the Heater.

Prices Reduced in every Manhattan and Bronx Gas Office

Consolidated Gas Company of New York

GEO. B. CORTELYOU, President

STORY THAT READS LIKE A FAIRY TALE

The Wooing and Winning of a Princess

THE EVENING WORLD BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 20TH